

HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE

NEWS

Without Interracial Justice



Social Justice Will Fail

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Picketing for Christ

By MARY HOUSTON

One weekend last month Peg Bevins, Ken Lawes and I, FH staffers, and Gloria Merino, volunteer, got our first taste of it! We had heard that a large "public" bathhouse on a Long Island tax-supported beach was discriminating against our colored brethren. Tickets were sold freely to the palefaced public. But...let a Negro try to buy a ticket and he would be told that admittance was limited to Members and their guests.

Well, when the Catholic Worker telephoned and asked us to join them and other groups in protest against this un-Christian practice, we jumped at the chance for united action. There wasn't much time for poster-making, and ever since our beloved Flewie took herself to Canada, our efforts in that art have been pretty feeble. However, we all lent a hand, and even I, left-handed motor moron, turned out a readable **SEGREGATION... A SIN AGAINST JUSTICE**.

The weekend arrived with beautiful weather for bathing...slightly warmish for beginners in the art of picketing. Peg and Gloria went on Saturday, and Ken and I represented FH on Sunday. We were quite surprised to see the length to which the bathhouse had gone to make us welcome. An employee was busily pouring oil and sand on the sidewalk to make walking more difficult. As it turned out, we rather liked the mixture under our feet. There's simply no accounting for taste!

The CW people arrived, also a Presbyterian church group, representatives from the American Jewish Congress, The NAACP, and AFL and CIO supporters of the picket line. Four policemen surrounded us, we shouldered our posters so that the increasing numbers of people on the boardwalk could see what was on our minds, and began walking 'round and 'round...a little trek which continued for five hours with but time out for a sandwich. We walked and we talked.

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IS OUR FACE RED?

Our lead article in the July-August issue "Miscegenation and Catholics" was written by a Priest, not by Ann Harrigan.



SAINT PETER CLAVER

M. Rodeck

Millions for Lynchings

By DAVID MASON

Acquittal of the 28 men charged with lynching a 23-year-old Negro in Greenville, S. C., is conclusive proof that present laws are inadequate weapons in the fight to wipe out the crime of lynching. The verdict sustains the unenviable record of the State of Carolina, where no white man has been executed for the murder of a Negro in a hundred years.

Foes of lynching have long recognized the fact that it cannot be dealt with by means of State laws, and that local authorities cannot be depended upon for enforcement of such laws. It was therefore inevitable that the possibilities of Federal legislation to deal with this peculiarly American crime should be studied.

Case Bill

The most recent development in proposed Federal anti-lynching laws is the Case Bill, which is based on provisions of the United States Constitution and the United Nations Charter.

Representative Clifford P. Case (R., N. J.), its author, states that "Our moral leadership, upon which the outside world depends at least as much as on our physical strength and material resources, will be greatly weakened unless we, as a nation, take definite and effective steps to eradicate the foul crime of lynching from the fabric of our domestic life. Freedom from lynch law is essential to the enjoyment of

the fundamental human rights which the United States promised to promote when it signed the United Nations Charter."

The Case Bill defines a "lynch mob" as "any assemblage of two or more persons who, without authority or law, commit or attempt to commit violence upon any citizen of the United States because of race, creed, color, national origin, ancestry, language or religion."

A county which failed to prevent a lynching would be liable to each individual injured by a mob or to his next

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Fr. Heithaus Lashes Catholic Jim Crowism

"The time is long overdue when we must say in public and without equivocation that race prejudice and race discrimination are sinful in the same sense that other violations of truth, justice and charity are sinful," insisted F. Claude H. Heithaus, S.J., in one of a series of special lectures on "Catholicism versus White Racism," in Milwaukee, Wis., recently.

Father Heithaus hit at those who believe that race prejudice and discrimination are not sins. "If anyone tells them that they are mistaken," he said, "they are inclined to retort that they got a very good education in such and such Catholic schools but no teacher ever told them that there is anything sinful about Jim Crowism."

Teachers Didn't Tell Me

"They say, 'If it is wrong, why didn't my Catholic teachers say so?' Instead of saying no, most of them seemed to be in favor of it and the school itself refused to admit Negroes. They were good teachers who knew their religion, so who are you to come along now and tell me that I must unlearn their lessons?"

Regarding the responsibility of the teachers in solving this problem, Father Heithaus said: "Any Catholic institution which carries on as if certain passages in the Papal encyclicals had never been promulgated must be prepared to give an accounting of its stewardship to Christ, who is the head of all Catholic institutions."

Foolhardiness

"Such institutions are partly responsible for the fact that in this country we have quite a number of Catholics to whom the following condemnation in the encyclical 'Quadregesimo Anno' applies: 'Even more severely must be condemned the foolhardiness of those who neglect to remove or modify such conditions as exasperate the minds of the people, and so prepare

the way for the overthrow of the social order.'"

The Jesuit concluded, "Communism denounces genuine social crimes such as Jim Crowism with so much noise and persistence that the victims of these crimes can hardly be blamed for listening to its siren voice when so many Christian leaders who should be fighting their battles are walking around on tip-toe and whispering behind closed doors. It is time for Catholics to stop whispering. 'Communism would shrivel up and die in this country if every religious leader and teacher would employ the full strength of his influence to eliminate injustices.'"

Warns Against Giving Scandal

In another lecture Father Heithaus warned Catholic parents, teachers, institutions, and religious that they have the special obligation not to give scandal.

"The truth is," he said, "that we are in constant danger of giving scandal by imitating the racist errors of non-Catholics. No matter where we live—North, South, East or West—there is sure to be some kind of discrimination against non-whites that cannot be reconciled with Christian principles of justice and charity."

North Also Guilty

"It is a great mistake for Northerners to divert their attention from what goes on in their own cities by indulging in righteous indignation over Southern lynchings and other barbarities."

"We do not lynch Negroes in Milwaukee, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Cincinnati and St. Louis, but we do torment them in a thousand other ways that are perhaps more excruciating because they last longer and hurt their souls much more than their bodies."

Positive Action Needed

Father Heithaus discussed the words "prudence" and "imprudence," which occupy the minds of so many who do

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THE WORKERS' PRAYER

Lord Jesus, I offer Thee this day all my work, my hopes and struggles, my joys and sorrows. Grant to me and all my fellow-workers the grace to think like Thee, to work with Thee, to live in Thee. Help me to love Thee with all my heart and serve Thee with all my strength.

Lord Jesus, Carpenter of Nazareth, You were a worker as I am; give to me and all the workers of the world the privilege to work as You did, so that everything we do may be to the benefit of our fellow men and the greater glory of God. Thy kingdom come into our offices, factories and shops, into our home and into our streets. Give us this day a living wage, so that we may be better able to keep Thy law. May we earn it without envy or injustice. To us who labor and are heavily burdened send speedily the refreshment of Thy love. May we never sin against Thee. Show us Thy way to work, and when it is done, may we with all our fellow-workers rest in peace. Amen.

THE INNER CIRCLE

By BELLE BATES

From "Black and White"
Written by Chicago Volunteer. Price .10

What keeps alive unchristian attitude towards Negroes?

The pattern of segregation. Stereotyped thinking produced by news accounts.

Lack of charity and concern for others.

Ignorance and prejudice. Selfishness and greed.

Why is it claimed that the Negro problem in the U. S. is really a White problem?

Because it was the white man who began the exploitation of Negroes, who took Negroes into slavery, who taught them that in their case the moral law did not count, who destroyed their homes, their family ties, their culture, who refuses even today to give the Negro a chance to prove himself, and who has made a god of colorless skin. Nothing the Negro can offer—virtue, education, good citizenship, culture, or even membership in Christ's Mystical Body—succeeds in eliminating the ban of inferiority arbitrarily imposed by white men. Deliberately imposed, the ban will have to be deliberately raised and destroyed.

But many Whites say: we will grant Negroes equality when they have reached the level of our civilization?

It might be wondered why Negroes must wait until they have attained our level of "civilization," or what there is that is so commendable about it. It certainly would do no harm to recall that Pope Pius XII has cited many inglorious aspects of this "civilization": "drunkenness, immodest and costly styles in dress, crime among minors, neglect of the poor, the base craving for ill-gotten wealth, the flight from the land, levity in entering marriage, divorce, the break-up of the family, birth control . . ." (Sertum Laetitiae)

Moreover, it might be wondered whether it is "civilization" which really interests us. For isn't a social order built on racial pride really a form of barbarity? And isn't the expression "our civilization" really only a suitable way of designating a social, political and economic world in which men have accumulated for themselves privileges, prestige, and power? And isn't it these things to which white men are attached under the term "our civilization," and not culture, wisdom, virtue, and productive skills?

It is evident that we have developed a social system which assumes that all colored persons are incapable of virtue or achievement of any kind. We, therefore, have considered it unnecessary to open our eyes to the vast differences in virtues and attainments which can be found among persons of colored, as well as colorless, skin. With our lack of Christian truthfulness and charity we have associated ourselves with sins of injustice against countless

colored persons who for no other reason than the color of their skin have been denied the enjoyment of human rights and human recognition.

If we are honest in our interest in civilization, we must recognize that there are countless Negro persons who in ability, virtue, and culture are our equals. And furthermore, if we are honest, we will assist more and more Negroes in their efforts to achieve a religious education, to develop skills, talents, and wisdom, and we will assist in opening for them fuller and fuller opportunities for using them.

AS THE JIM CROW FLIES

It is a sad and bewildering fact that employees in the Field Museum of Chicago, a famous public institution, discriminate against six and seven year olds who happen to have dark skin. When this happened to a group of our Casita tots Friendship House wrote the following letter, which is self explanatory.

Director

James Nelson and Anna Louise Raymond Foundation
Chicago Natural History Museum
Roosevelt Road and Lake Shore Drive
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:

This letter has a twofold purpose, one of grateful thanks, and one of protest and petition.

Our thanks go out to you and to the others responsible for the interesting and instructive film made available to all the children of the City of Chicago each Thursday morning. Both the staff and the children of Friendship House anticipate your program with pleasure.

Our protest, however, is this: In the past three weeks that we have attended your program, we have not been able to avail ourselves of usher service. Last Thursday, July 31, 1947, we arrived with five, rather than our usual thirty minutes, to spare. Vincent Hawkins, young colored adult leading our group, started our number to the nearest usher (thirty-seven children and four adults), and asked for whatever seats were available. He was ignored. The second adult leader addressed a second usher with the same result. The third adult leader, Mary Galloway, approached three ushers for aid. Each avoided her, two snapping off their lights.

Between the time of our arrival and the time that the house lights went out, a group of children similar in size to ours, but different in skin color, was led from behind us to seats in various parts of the theatre. After the house lights went out, our children stood against the back wall to avoid blocking traffic. Throughout the movie children (white children) were led past us to seats in the theatre, each group being guided by the flashlights of two or three of the ushers.

It was not until our group was safely home that we realized the true nature of the situation.

Choral Group Performs in Negro Sisters' Benefit

New York—Special—For the benefit of the Handmaids of Mary, Negro Catholic Sisters, the Blessed Martin Choral Chapel Group presented a concert here at Siena Hall, 420 E. 60th Street. Rev. Leo S. Cannon, O.P., Mus. M., professor of music at Providence College, Providence, R. I., directed.

Consisting of 60 male and female voices, the Choral Group achieved national fame in 1941 by receiving the Award of Merit at the New York World's Fair.

Penance is not the CHIEF concern, but the devotion of hungry and limitless desire to the honor of God and the salvation of souls.

St. Catherine of Siena.

OUR LADY QUEEN OF ALL RACES



South Side Survey

We went into one of these old mansions on Prairie Avenue, once occupied by one of Chicago's leading families, now housing forty families. Time and much abuse have not entirely eradicated the lovely staircase in the reception room, and behind door number 1 we found a couple living in comparative opulence, since they had one whole room just for the two of them. We noticed its pleasant furnishings and remarked about them to the wife, who replied, "wait till you see the rest of the building." It did not take us long to discover what she meant.

In the next room, which must have once been a breakfast nook, three people were living. Room number 3, the erstwhile dining room, now houses a family of five, two boys, their parents and an uncle. Three large bedsteads fill the room, leaving no space for such amenities as chairs or tables. Looking at the handsome side-board, beautifully wrought of choicest woods, one could imagine the gay dinner parties once held in this room. We wondered whether the conversations at these parties had ever touched on such subjects as city planning.

Next door lives a mother with six children. The light is on there, for her damp room lacks a window.

All of these families share the bathrooms originally considered adequate for one family, and though some complain a bit at this inconvenience and at having to fetch their supply of cooking and drinking water from down the hall, the landlord sees no need to put in more. With or without these facilities he can cash in on the housing shortage.

There is a building in the rear, probably once servants' quarters, now housing eleven families. The wind blew through the halls and we shivered as we listened to a mother who told us of her little girl who was ill. "When it rains," she said, "this room is damp for a week. The doctor says it's bad for her."

From "Women's Joint Committee Survey."

Students Method of Working For Interracial Justice

LETTER TO THE DEAN

Dear Sir:

We, the undersigned members of the faculty and student-body of the University, respectfully request that the officials of the University consider the advisability of an immediate and unequivocal refusal by the University to schedule athletic contests of whatsoever kind with any college or university which, as a matter of policy, bars colored athletes from participation in any portion of its formal program of varsity athletics. . . .

Modern Communism is based on poverty through force, while Christian Communism is based on poverty through choice.

Peter Maurin,
From Easy Essays.

May God bless all your efforts.

Sincerely yours in Christ,
Ann Harrigan, Director
per Mary Galloway

*Shiel House is an all Negro community center.

Millions for Lynching

(Continued from page 1)

of kin, if the victim is put to death, in a sum of from \$2,000 to \$10,000, unless it can be proved that its peace officers used all diligence and power they had to prevent the lynching.

Suit in such case is to be brought in the U. S. District Court in the district in which the county is located, and the action is to be brought and prosecuted by the Attorney General in the name of the United States.

On this proposal of indemnification I shall have more to say further on; the original idea which prompted the writing of this article is an indemnity plan beside which Mr. Case's thousands pale into utter insignificance.

Certainly as Christian pacifists we must favor and urge the enactment of any measure which will help to abolish lynching, for this great evil is war, war waged against a racial minority within the borders of our own country. This war has meant horrible death to about 3,420 Negroes since 1882, according to the Department of Records and Research of Tuskegee Institute. In the same period of years, the deaths of 1,291 white persons by the same means have been recorded.

But these figures do not tell the whole story; they are little more than a preface. The complete story presents a picture of conditions which are far worse from the standpoint of the Negro.

It is important to note that the figures on lynch deaths do not include those caused by race riots or gang killings; inclusion of those murders would mean a great increase in the total. The figures would be even higher if the number of secret lynchings was known. But the evil cannot be encompassed by statistics on deaths, for lynching, according to a report published in the Lawyers Guild Review, "is a symbolic act which is used to keep millions of American citizens from competition."

For every lynching committed there are thousands of threats of lynching. For every threat of lynching there are years and years of living in fear by hundreds of thousands of American citizens—fear that if they try to get the decent wages, try to own a farm, try to run a business, that white men acting in concert will inflict violence on their person or property, even kill them.

Documentation

"The documentation for this assertion is overwhelming. Thus the killing of ten Negro railway firemen and the wounding or attempting to kill eleven others in the lower Mississippi Valley in the early 1930's because white men wished to scare all Negroes out of these jobs is generally accepted as a fact.

The research of the Southern Commission on the Study of Lynching, published as a book by Raper under the auspices of the University of North Carolina, gives repeated evidence that both the white people and the colored people involved know many of

the lynchings investigated were aimed to teach Negroes not to try to get ahead in the world economically. . . .

"The results are self-evident: Approximately nine million Negroes live in the South, where lynchings or the threat of lynching are most prevalent. The overwhelming majority of them live in a condition of abysmal poverty. . . . The largest single factor in keeping the South the 'nation's number one economic problem' is its pattern of race relations enforced by the application, or the threat of the application, of unlawful force and violence commonly known as lynching."

Ray Stannard Baker, in 1908, wrote that: "... a community will rise to mob Negroes or to drive them out of the country ... because the Negro is becoming educated, acquiring property and getting out of his place." and Walter White states that "... lynching is more an expression of Southern fear of Negro progress than of Negro crime."

Summing Up

To sum up, before stating my proposal: We are obliged to give serious consideration to a great moral evil, known as lynching. Failure of State laws as a means to wipe out this widespread crime indicates the need for Federal action.

According to W. E. B. duBois, there is "a clear call for positive Federal law against lynching, against discrimination in work and education and against disfranchisement. The restoration of the Fourteenth Amendment and further laws based on its original meaning are demanded." The Case Bill contains provisions for indemnification of lynch victims and their dependents, thereby recognizing the validity of the application of the principle of indemnity to lynching.

The proposed indemnity, however, is small in amount, about equal to an ordinary insurance policy, and it is applicable only to the persons immediately concerned. It is a good adequate application of the principle involved.

If there is to be indemnity, let it be an effective and important one, which will be beneficial to great numbers of the oppressed race.

My proposal is that Congress shall appropriate the sum of \$10,000,000 to the use of Negro education institutions each time a Negro is murdered, whether the crime be perpetrated in the form known as lynching or in a race riot, such sum to be expended in the State in which the crime is committed.

Such a provision, if made a part of an Anti-Lynching Bill, might conceivably serve as a highly effective deterrent to the participation of such crimes. Who among the Southern whites would join a lynch mob if he knew that the Negro educational institutions of his state would be enriched to the extent of \$10,000,000 for each life taken by the mob?

Some persons might think it a better plan to require the State to make this payment,

but that would quite certainly prove to be as impossible of enforcement as State laws against lynching. Besides, by making a Federal appropriation, those of us who are opposed to the crime would be enabled to express our opposition in a practical way; provided, that is, that any occasion ever should arise to make such an appropriation necessary, for there might never be another lynching once such a law were passed. A consummation devoutly to be prayed for!

1. "Constitutional Basis for Federal Anti-Lynching Legislation." Lawyers Guild Review, Nov.-Dec., 1946.
2. Arthur Raper, "The Tragedy of Lynching," 1933.
3. "Following the Color Line," P. 81.
4. "Rope and Faggot," 1929, P. 11.
5. "Civil Rights Legislation Before and After the Passage of the Fourteenth Amendment." Lawyers' Guild Review, Nov.-Dec., 1946.

There Is No Color Line

By LUCIE LAMPERTO

This statement might seem like wishful thinking, but it is an absolute fact. Perhaps, though, I should complete the sentence and say: "There is no color line among those who truly love God." To such persons all men are brothers and to be loved as brothers in Jesus Christ. Their high gauge of standards is not concerned with externals which have to do with position in life or the color of one's skin, but with the enduring soul values.

Could we then say that the others, being wrongly prejudiced and not capable of a fair viewpoint, do not count in this matter—thus proving the above statement?

Think you that in the next world, eternal judgment will favor any particular race or color of skin?

However, right here on this earth, I have noticed that the colored people seem happier under another culture than that which prevails in our beloved country, namely, the Anglo-Saxon.

Speak to a native of Haiti—where the French language and customs dominate—and you are speaking to a mulatto who is a free citizen, in so far as Government regulations are concerned, and who meets you on an equal basis. A Haitian is not at all surprised at being considered every bit as good as yourself; which, however, is not the case with most of our own colored people.

The same condition applies to the Latin-American quadron, whom one finds singularly well suited to the Spanish language and customs.

But of all nations, the prize must be awarded to Brazil—a Portuguese-speaking country, which has never had any race problem, and where the Negro—in a general way—is on an equal footing with the white man.

But deeper than language or custom, I believe these hap-

py results to be founded on Catholic culture, for nowhere else is wrong pride kept down so well. Then again, since ancient days, Mother Church has considered all races of man as her own particular children.

No doubt there is a stiff fight ahead for all groups who are seeking racial justice—in our case for all members of Catholic Action. However, if we continue to let the colored race suffer under that stupid pride which bases its superiority on a white skin, we may well prepare for a boomerang. Let us not forget that ugly devil—the inferiority complex—which will certainly strike back at the white race, if we continue to permit the abasement of our Negro brothers.

Fr. Heithaus

(Continued from page 1)

not wish to eliminate Jim Crowism by positive, constructive action, and insisted, "Genuine prudence is a Christian virtue. It is practiced by those who choose the best and most effective means to be Christ-like in dealing with their neighbors of all races.

"It does not consist in doing nothing when justice or charity calls for action. Nor does it consist in discovering the most cunning and crafty way of cheating Negroes out of their rights or wriggling out of our obligations to treat them justly and charitably. It is practiced by selecting the best and most effective means to carry out the instructions of the Supreme Pontiff, who teaches that Negroes have equal rights with all other races in the Catholic Church. It is practiced by teaching the Christian truth and eradicating unchristian ignorance, prejudice and sin."

Christian Community Living

Whether this article will be a success or not depends on my ability to capture something intangible, yet real, something beautiful, yet unseen and place it on this paper. Place it here so effectively that you, our friends, will be able to grasp it with both hands and hold it fast, will be able to see it with earthly eyes and be slightly blinded by the vision.

I have just returned from a visit to St. Joseph's farm in Marathon, Wisconsin, where Friendship House conducts its summer school courses in interracial techniques. That is the technical name for the course, actually the whole general program is one which inculcates into the heart and mind of the student all the finest aspects of Christian Community living.

The day begins with Mass and the reception of Christ in Holy Communion. "It is good for brethren to dwell together in unity." In what better way could we assure that unity than by the joining of ourselves with Christ and each other at the divine banquet table. Again in the

morning and evening we join with the members of the mystical body all over the world by offering Prime and Compline the morning and night hours of the Church in unison to God.

To turn to the more material part of the program: The food is excellent and laurels go to Miss Betty Schneider our cook, and Miss Helen Porter the gardener who despite willing but misplaced zeal on the part of we poor uneducated farmers from the big metropolis, an invasion by the neighbors horses and a large, lovable but overly enthusiastic staff dog named Leroy, managed to produce an excellent crop of beans, lettuce, radishes, beets etc. and feed a hungry bunch of students.

Miss Monica Durkin, the director of the farm, keeps things on a happy level at all times by her unfailing good nature, tact and gentleness.

In the field of entertainment the farm outdoes itself. The Lemondale Opera Co. has nothing on us. We the students with the help of the staff members, direct, produce and act in our own skits. They're corny and homemade but gosh we love it.

To encourage Christian group recreation the ancient art of folk dancing has been revived and there is as much fun in that as an evening spent swinging and swaying to any one of your favorite dance bands.

To round off the recreational set-up we have the Little Rib River which is available at any time of the day or evening for a quick dip or a long swim. You can take your choice, and Oh! that Wisconsin water is soft and smooth and the Wisconsin sun is something to write home about.

Then of course for the racket enthusiasts we have a snappy badminton set guaranteed to take off five pounds per week in good honest perspiration. If that fails there is always the lawn mower about, and here's a secret folks. It has an adjustable handle for any size, short, tall, fat or skinny, anyone can wield it. See how accommodating these folks are.

You are probably wondering about the courses. The farm has really secured the best in everything and that goes for its teachers. Father Cantwell of Chicago and Father Cantillon of St. Louis gave courses on the Mystical Body of Christ and the Liturgy, while Ann Harrigan, director of the Chicago House, Jim Quinlan, Russ Marshall and Tena Roseman conducted the secular courses in technique.

What have I been trying to do throughout this article, is sell you on coming to our summer school next year, well perhaps. More than that I have been trying to give you a picture of the perfect way of life. Of a society where people work, pray and play together permeated with the spirit of Christ, filled with the joy that radiates from His presence and nearness and which caused the skeptics of old to cry out 'See how these Christians love one another.'

—M. Zimmerman.

HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS

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It All Goes Together

The Lay Apostolate is young. The Lay Apostolate is new. At least to this generation of Americans and Canadians.

True, it is also as old as the Church. For it was Christ, Himself, Who commissioned the first Lay Apostles when He said, addressing Himself to ALL His listeners, "GO YE AND PREACH YE THE GOSPEL."

So direct, so simple was that command, that throughout the early centuries and far into the Medieval times, both Hierarchy and Laity understood this PARTICIPATION OF THE LAITY IN THE APOSTOLATE OF THE CLERGY, and understanding, acted upon it constantly. But with the advent of the Reformation, this concept (as so many others) got first blurred, then lost in the shuffle, so that to-day it hits the world, especially the English speaking North American continental world, as an utterly new idea, somewhat strange yet, but slowly catching fire.

So the fact remains, that the Lay Apostolate is young. The Lay Apostolate is new. It has perforce, therefore, all the virtues and faults of youth. And those who do not yet take part in its activities, but sit on the side-lines and watch, as well as those entrusted by God to lead all engaged in it, must be lenient, forgiving and patient (never, of course, when theological and moral doctrines are involved). No—only when, impatient with the ways of this old world, the "youthful" Lay Apostles move a little faster than the prudence of their elders (worldly prudence and God's prudence should be untangled at this point—paging St. Thomas) seems to dictate. Or when they speak a little louder than worldly good-taste likes. Or, when, for lack of private clothes lines, they wash and hang some of the Catholic dirty linen (that really needs airing badly) on public lines.

Most of the Lay Apostolates of U. S. A. and Canada have duly appointed moderators, and at least the moral support of the Hierarchy and many priests. And all of them so far have kept within the moral and theological doctrines of the Church, which they give so generously, so completely, their lives to, while their critics sit in the shade on the hot day the apostles work in, shaking their heads and pursing their lips and passing their time criticising those who, at least, have answered the tearful call of the Popes.

On the other hand, the Lay Apostles must begin to practice in earnest that wonderful spiritual exercise known as THE DAILY EXAMINATION OF CONSCIENCE. They must do it privately and collectively. Taking as their main points Charity, and its footstool Humility.

For what doth it profit a man that he gains the whole world and loses his soul? And it may possibly come to pass (for the prince of darkness tempts through good also) that the Lay Apostolate may "gain much of the world apparently." Its ACTIVITIES may extend far and wide. Its influence be felt greatly over the Continent. But, if it is at the expense of CHARITY AND HUMILITY, then all these great works will be as nothing before the LORD OF LOVE.

And CHARITY embraces all. Those one wants to help, and those against whom righteous anger is at times aroused. The French have a saying, THE TONE MAKES THE MUSIC. It would be a wonderful motto for the Lay Apostles to adopt. Speak softly. Criticise gently. Walk slowly. Pray constantly for the victim and the offender. Seek diligently to find good in even those who in justice must be fought. For there is good in everyone. Bring it out, and you will make a friend and a convert quicker than by denouncing only. Don't forget that many saintly feet trod the road we have discovered; perhaps not with the easy swing of modern youth, but surely with more danger and difficulty. For

The Baroness Jots It Down

Friendship House, I have discovered, is slowly acquiring an international reputation. We have, it seems, friends in Africa; both north and south Germany are interested in us. England wants to know more about us. From Paris they write inviting me to a Catholic Congress. Belgium and Holland are in line too; as are Haiti, Brazil, Chili, India and China. It makes my head swim to get all these letters with foreign stamps. Fancy being known in all these distant parts! It sort of brings to one the concept of the Mystical Body so vividly that this complicated doctrine becomes crystal clear.

I have discovered that it is good for a Director General to move out of the orbit of Friendship House. From a certain distance one can see so much better and judge so much more objectively. As letters come to me from all the Houses, and slowly the whole picture of its work, prayers and growth is revealed, I begin to see the Hand of God so clearly that my soul is filled with a great Magnificat. For it is He who is showering His little servants of FH with all these blessings and graces, and without Him, Friendship House could not exist a moment.

Take FH Chicago. Eviction. The need for \$20,000 in about forty days. The begging program. The rallying of friends and strangers. Miracles little and big piled one upon another with a vividness and rapidity that floored even its recipients. And now they are all moved into THEIR OWN HOUSE (4233 South Indiana Ave., Chicago 15, Illinois). Incredible! But true!

Or take the Summer School in Marathon City, Wisconsin. The St. Joseph's Farm. This second term—twenty pupils. Four nuns among them; two of whom came all the way from Oregon. Another dream come true.

And FH NYC. A downtown branch. An invitation to hold a Summer Session in Staten Island for about one hundred people interested in Interracial Justice. God be praised. And new staff workers coming in fast (we need

more). Subscriptions to FH-News growing (we need more—\$1.00 a year). The FH street apostolate started and catching on. What a long, long way we have travelled from the day when I came alone into a little barren room, lost in a sea of colored faces, which were then an unknown quantity and now are our best friends. Alleluia!

I thank all the good friends in Chicago and elsewhere who have written me and sent me spiritual bouquet cards, praying for my "recovery." But I have never been in better health in my life, and I have not been sick at all. I came to Canada to start the Canadian Province of Friendship House, and for no other reason. However, I am sure that the Good Lord will apply all these good prayers and wishes to this our newest and latest apostolate. God bless you all for your kindness.

At Madonna House all is well. Milky the pig is growing. So are the vegetables, we have canned many and eaten more. We are busy with preparations for the printing of RESTORATION (restore ye all things in Christ) the Catholic paper we plan to write from here. We hope the first issue will come out October 1, 1947. If you want a subscription, the price is one dollar a year. The address: Madonna House, Combermere Ontario, Canada. But be sure you have FIRST subscribed to FH News (34 West 135th Street, N. Y. 30, N. Y.

the paths we walk to-day had to be made through a wilderness that is not there now.

And let us also remember HUMILITY. We haven't discovered the Lay Apostolate; it has been there so long that one's head gets dizzy even trying to think of the giants who led the way through the centuries.

Also, the LAY APOSTOLATE IS BUT "THE PARTICIPATION OF THE LAITY IN THE APOSTOLATE OF THE HIERARCHY." It is not the other way round. That has to be remembered constantly. Else, all of the works done and even the lives given so generously will not only be wasted, but will draw the anger of God. Only in utter and complete obedience to the men God appointed to lead the Church and us can the Lay Apostolate be fruitful and pleasing to God.

But this obedience must be more and more than just "obedience." It must be so full of Charity, whose other name is Love, that it shines like a beacon in this dark world of ours. It must be humble, instant, complete. And if and when there is occasion (in utter justice and for the greater common good) to speak of the failings of the men of God, it must be done with a prayer, softly, gently, lovingly, always. And stressing also the good done by them.

The Lay Apostolate is young. The Lay Apostolate is new. May God bless it. Guide it. Teach it. May the Holy Ghost fill it with His Divine Wisdom. And His Spouse, the gentle Mother of Christ, teach it Charity, Patience, Humility; when and how to speak, when and how to be silent. Amen.

Miss Elisabeth Salget (22c Konigswinter / Rhein bei Bonn / Drachenfelsstrasse 2-British Zone Germany, is in great need of clothing and food parcels. In Christ's name please.

Our best wishes, and prayers go to Mary and Jim who were married in Chicago at St. Elisabeth's on August 23.

Carol's House

By ROSEMARY McNULTY

After spending a few days of my vacation at Friendship House, I have many things I didn't have before I went there, experiences I shall never quite forget, experiences that have been a tremendous education. Of all these experiences, the most vivid is the remembrance of Carol's voice.

Carol's was not the only voice I heard. There were others well worth remembering, too: the voices of other Colored children, of the staff workers, of the volunteers, and of the neighbors of the house on Indiana Avenue. Those voices were charming and expressive, yet they sound hazy and distorted while my ears clearly hear that sweet little six-year-old breathe one soul-piercing sentence.

Carol was one of a group of children I accompanied, on a picnic one hot July afternoon. Leaving Friendship House and the Negro slums for a day in a wooded picnic grounds near River Forest, we exchanged the glitter of glass-strewn alleys for the shade of a grassy woodland. To reach the woods from the elevated, we walked several blocks past private homes, lovely, well-kept homes set far back on soft green lawns and brightened with flower gardens. Most of the children had never seen houses like that. They were incredulous—such beautiful buildings for homes, and only one family living in each!

No one was happier than little Carol. I was near her as she skipped happily along, gazing at the houses where the white people lived. Her hair had been carefully combed into tiny, three-inch pigtails, and she wore a faded, flowered dress that she told me proudly was "new." Her delicate little face was set with expressive, sparkling eyes, and her velvet-soft voice was never more eloquent than when she sighed "Oh, but I'll be so glad when I can live in a house like that!"

Live in a house like that! Oh, Carol honey, I wanted to gather you in my arms and say, "Of course, you'll live in a house like that—and soon," but I couldn't say what I didn't believe. I thought, "You'll live in the same crowded, dirty brick building and call it home till you grow up, and then you'll move to another place just as squalid. You'll be denied a good home because you've been born with a dark brown skin. You can't have a house like that because you're a little Negro girl."

But her words have come back to me again and again, and I don't have thoughts like that anymore, for the dear

(Continued on page 5)

The Mystical Body of Christ . . . By William R. O'Connor

Is it correct to refer to the Mystical Body as a metaphor? Many have asked that question and it deserves a reply.

It is important in this matter to keep clearly in mind the term we are using and the reality that lies behind the term. The term "Mystical Body" is a metaphor, but the reality it

covers, unity with Christ, is by no means metaphorical. Father Marsch in "The Whole Christ" says in reference to the terms "Mystical Body" and "members and Head": "... These metaphors, for such they are, merely indicate a unity that transcends the biological realities from which they are taken" (page 9). Father Prat in his "Theology of St. Paul" makes the same point. He sees in the theory of the Mystical Body not a mere abstraction, a purely mental creation, but a genuine reality, and adds: "Let us remark, however, that this reality is expressed by a metaphor, like all immaterial and transcendental objects, and to appreciate fully the value of a metaphorical term it is necessary to go back to the comparison concealed under the metaphor" (English translation, volume I, page 300 f.).

"The Mystical Body of Christ" therefore is a reality not in the sense that Christ literally has another body besides His physical body, which is impossible, but only in the sense that a unity exists between Himself and certain others, and by a graceful and natural metaphor we, after Saint Paul, can refer to Him as the Head and those others who are united with Him as His members, or the union between the two can be called a body in which He is the Head and they are the members, or, finally, we can simply designate those who are united with Him as His body. Evidently we are using metaphors to designate a great reality.

Why do we call this body "mystical"? It is the Church, and not Saint Paul, that uses this term to characterize those who form one body with Christ by their union with Him. What does it mean?

If we use the term "mystical" in the sense of "mysterious," then we arrive at a sense of the Mystical Body of Christ which, while true, is not altogether adequate. It would refer in this case to the nature of the bond that links the members with the Head, Christ. By faith and baptism we become members of Christ's visible Church and the Church is the body of Christ, not physically of course nor only in a moral sense with no objective reality linking up the Head with the members. No, we are real members of that body by the ontological bond of the habit of faith and the baptismal character, and we are living members by another such link, sanctifying grace. By these mysterious, supernatural bonds, which for lack of a better term we can call mystical, we are as truly one with Christ as the branches are one with the trunk of a tree by means of the life-giving sap that permeates the whole organism.

This concept of the Mystical Body is absolutely correct—as far as it goes. The Church,

even the visible Church, is the Mystical Body of Christ, the extension of Christ in space and time. The question arises, however, is the Mystical Body exactly co-terminous with the visible Church? There are some who look upon the Mystical Body solely from the organization point of view, and they would say "Yes." Others would extend the Mystical Body so as to include all in the state of grace (the so-called "soul" of the Church) even though they were not members of the visible organization. In neither of these views however is the Church, the Mystical Body of Christ, something universal.

A proper understanding of the Mystical Body and one that will do it full justice can be had only when we read behind the adjective "mystical" the "mystery" mentioned by Saint Paul in Ephesians and Colossians. A mystery is a secret, it is something that is not understood. Saint Paul had a secret to divulge to the members of his race that shocked them when they heard it. Their minds were closed on the question of salvation, conceiving it as a privilege reserved in its fulness for only one race. Any other concept was simply a mystery to them, they could not understand it. Yet this was the message of Saint Paul: "... The mystery has been made known to me ... which in other generations was not known to the sons of men ... that the Gentiles should be fellow heirs and of the same body, and co-partners of His promise in Christ Jesus" (Ephesians, iii, 1-13). He even went further and declared that "the mystery of His will" was "to reestablish all things in Christ, that are in heaven and on earth, in Him" (ibid., i, 7-10). The "mystery" therefore for Saint Paul means that salvation is open to all, without social or racial distinction.

This is essentially the idea that lies behind the Mystical Body for Saint Thomas. It is a redemptive term and Redemption, since it is universal in its extent and influence, establishes Christ, the Redeemer, as the head of all humanity. In the "Summa Theologica," III, Q.8, a.3, Saint Thomas makes it clear that all men from the beginning of the world even to its end are members of the Mystical Body and constitute what he calls the body of the Church. The body of the Church for him is by no means the same as that which we are accustomed to oppose to the soul of the Church. When we speak this way we are speaking from the viewpoint of exterior Revelation made by Christ and the Apostles and carried on down the ages by the visible Church. In this sense we become members of the body of the Church when we adhere to this Revelation exteriorly by faith professed in baptism. The body of the Church in this sense is not universal since in the course of ages many have not received baptism. They belong

to Christ nevertheless since they have all been redeemed by Him. All mankind forms in different degrees the "mystical" body of the Church, while the baptized form its visible body.

Saint Thomas considers the Mystical Body from the point of view of the Redemption, which is universal, and makes it accordingly as wide as humanity itself. Membership in the Mystical Body varies in proportion to the degree of actual union with Christ, the Head. Some are actually united with Him by faith and by charity, both in heaven and on earth. Those who fall from



CHRISTI SUMUS!

grace but retain the Faith are only imperfectly united with Him and members of His Mystical Body. The rest of mankind is at least potentially united with Him, so that only the finally impenitent in the next life can be said to be not even potentially united with Christ and members of His Mystical Body. All men on earth, whether united with Christ actually or only potentially, are in these varying degrees members of the Mystical Body because all are the objects of the redemptive will and come under its influence.

Even the angels for Saint Thomas are members of the Mystical Body, not because they were redeemed by Christ but because He is set over them as their head and they feel His influence.

Here is a dynamic conception of the Mystical Body that is foreign to those modern theologians who make it co-extensive with the visible Church. Since the days of the sixteenth century there has been a tendency to neglect the members of Christ's Mystical Body who are only potentially united with Him and to identify the Mystical Body with the visible Church or, by way of concession, to include in it the so-called soul of the Church. If we do that, we at once destroy its universality. Did not Christ however identify Himself with the poor and the outcast and the down-trodden and the unfortunate, His "least brethren" in the

Judgment scene? Did He not speak of the "other sheep I have that are not of this fold"? Where He has not distinguished, why should we distinguish? Saint Paul made no distinction when he said that God "will have all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth," and Saint Thomas makes no distinction when he teaches that all men, even though from the point of view of baptism and the state of grace they are only potentially united with Christ, yet from the standpoint of Redemption constitute His Mystical Body.

The visible Church is *par excellence* the Mystical Body of Christ, likewise all in the state of grace whether they belong to the visible Church or not. If you would also see members of this Mystical Body — call them potential members if you will — go down early some morning to 115 Mott Street and look at the men, over 1,500 of them, lined up for coffee and bread at the home of the Catholic Worker. Listen to the Communist as he rails at religion as the opium of the people. The Nazi and the Fascist whom perhaps your soul cannot abide, the unfortunate in prison who have no use for God or religion—they all have a common bond. It may not be faith and it may not be grace but it is the Blood of Christ shed to redeem them. That is what makes them all members of His Mystical Body, each in his own way.

M. Maritain has said, "Vae mihi, si non thomistizavero." We can make a good beginning by returning to Saint Thomas's concept of the Mystical

Body. It has this in common with communism: both are world-wide in their outlook. The communist, however, may refuse to call us "Comrade" but we cannot refuse to call him "Brother in Christ." The mystery of Redemption embraces him as well as ourselves and in that mystery all men are one.

Finally, in the interests of clarity and to avoid all misunderstanding, would it not be better to refer to the visible Church as the Body of Christ, as Saint Paul does, and to use the term Mystical Body to designate the totally different concept of humanity as the object of Christ's redeeming power, as Saint Thomas does? We are obliged to belong to the Body of Christ, we already belong to His Mystical Body by the fact that we are men. (Reprint from "The Commonweal," Nov. 25, 1935.)

Interracial Mass For Friendship House

The Staff of Friendship House, Chicago, assisted at a solemn high Mass recently which showed graphically both the Church's universality which embraces men of every race, and the active participation of Lay Catholics in her liturgy.

The celebrant was Rev. Robert Bobritzki, newly ordained priest of Chicago. Rev. Herman Porter, also newly ordained and the first Negro resident of Chicago to become a priest, was the sub-deacon. Rev. Daniel Cantwell, moderator of Friendship House, was the deacon. Ed Adams, a volunteer of Friendship House, was master of ceremonies and Ken Fick, staff worker, served.

The Gregorian Chant was handled by a schola composed of seminarians, who chanted the proper of the Mass. The Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus and Benedictus were chanted in Gregorian by the Staff of Friendship House.

The Mass was offered for the intention of Friendship House.

Without love the soul may bring forth the virtues but they will be still-born.
St. Catherine of Siena.

Carol's House

(Continued from page 4)

little voice that said these words hadn't a tinge of despair in it; it was brimful of hope. My doubts are no match for such confidence.

Carol has said, "I can live in a house like that," and who am I to say she won't? Maybe, instead, I am the person who can say she will. Maybe I can add my voice to hers, and we can both speak through Friendship House, Carol's house always.

Be Insistent, Preach The Word In Season And Out Of Season

The Case of the Imprudent Priest. In a letter to the Association of Catholic Employers and Industrialist(s), Bishop Carton de Wyart of Tournier, Belgium, admitted that the language of the parish bulletin edited by one of his priests was at times tactless and indiscreet.

The Bishop continued to support the paper, however, because "such indiscretion is small compared to the grave sin of omission chargeable against certain Catholic papers for failing to throw their strength into the fight in order to effect badly needed reform in the present capitalist set-up."

The workers must be given the Catholic teaching on social questions, he explained, and the paper aims to give them this in simple and incisive language which they can understand. "If the teaching of Catholic doctrine," he continued, "provokes an unjustified reaction among employers, that is no reason for priests' feeling any uneasiness ... for in such matters, the reception of the whole doctrine of the Church by the faithful is the only concern."

Evidently the Bishop believes that when to speak is unpopular, it is less pardonable to be silent than to say too much.

THE FARM BULLETIN

Harvest days have arrived. As another season at St. Joseph Farm draws to a close, we thank the Lord, for the "good earth and the fullness thereof," for bountiful products of our garden, and most of all for what to all of us seems a most "fruitful" summer school.

Summer is the time when, more apparently than in any other F.H., activity is intensified. Perhaps that is because, in addition to the hectic, glorious round of things which is our Summer School of Interracial Techniques, Nature collaborates with us, bringing its tasks of weeding and transplanting, watering and gathering of vegetables; its array of fresh green vegetables, strawberries, raspberries, rhubarb and apples for canning.

I wish that we could bring you to St. Joe Farm for a day of the school. It could show you so much more clearly the life of work, study and prayer that it is. Words are so futile in trying to describe those intangibles of growth in light and wisdom, of probing problems, of taking the thorny angles of interracial adjustments into the clear, invigorating air of a northern Wisconsin farm, where, robbed of all the bogeys which the vicious pattern of segregation brings, they iron out into a clear picture of what Christ's kingdom should be.

Granted that going back into the old routine will again bring difficulties, but they will be lessened for the remembrance, and for the strength gained through two weeks of living interracial, of daily Mass at the farm house, and of cheerful camaraderies that develop among a group of people in love with God, striving to show that love in the world around them.

It always amazes us to see a group coming in, from many points, of different interests, with varied vocations. There was, for instance, Sister Ignatius of St. Peter Claver Center, and Sister Margaret Agnes, all the way from Seattle, Washington. There were college people, office workers, a teacher or two, a seminarian, several nurses and a farmer.

Always there is a first feeling of hesitancy that nothing akin to a family unity or school spirit can develop. Inevitably, after a day or two, lecture periods and the meal-times are lively with the congenial intensity of people together after all for one purpose—for learning more about God and people, to enrich their own lives and thereby help in the lives of others.

It is the oneness, that feeling that all are learning together, staff, teachers, volunteers and students, which strikes one as unique—the willingness of all to help, to learn, and to give, which impresses. Learning is not always relegated to the departments of the liturgy and interracial adjustment.

In the true spirit of "it all goes together," a director of an interracial center learned the hard way that cabbage leaves are not greens for a salad; and the professor of liturgy found that tomato plants can with discretion be dis-

tinguished from pernicious weeds.

With it all, however, study and work progressed, and we happily gloat over wild gooseberry preserves, wild raspberry jam, the neatly canned peaches and pears, in addition to all the pies and tarts, attained through a collaboration of students and staff. The farmhouse has taken on an added aura of livability with its new, clean, white trimmings. The painters were Father Dan Cantwell, Jim Quinlin and Joe Perry.

To be perfectly realistic, problems too beset our group, during the integrated summer program. Audrey Heath was taken to St. Mary's Hospital in Wausau, midway through the first term, and she is now, thank God, back with us recuperating from a goiter operation. One of the students, Jane Frohmader, a nurse from Camp Douglas, Wisconsin, was special nurse to her, while she needed added care.

Kathy Noel left us a week or so later, for a short session at St. Mary's. We thank our corps of visiting volunteers and the students for "pitching in" so graciously, that activities moved smoothly, even with the loss of two important staffers.

There was the disappointing quack patch west of the barn, which we had envisioned as a flower garden. Early June arrived, and it was a mass of Canadian thistles, quack, stones and hard lumps of dirt, except for one corner where Jim Quinlin had planted rose bushes. Then Helen Porter, a visiting volunteer from West Allis, Wisconsin, came, and now, though she is no longer here to fully enjoy the beauty, zinnias, snapdragons, pansies and poppies are in full bloom.

Dan's Den and the garage, which also serves as the center for folk-dancing were a combination of catch-all and salvage depot until Joe Perry of Brooklyn arrived four days before the beginning of our first session. With swift enthusiasm, he brought order out of the chaos and has continued, not only being chairman of many unlikely departments, but adding to it, a lively sense of Brooklyn humor, palatable even to midwesterners. We are happy to say that Joe is joining the staff, and will be on the farm through the coming year.

We have had, through the summer months, what might be classed a mixed blessing in "LeRoy," our part Labrador, part Collie puppy, so named because he came from LeRoy, Minnesota. Without LeRoy, our lives would be less hectic, our table conversation less voluminous, and the lives of several of the summer school students less complete. For LeRoy has a way of endearing himself to all of us, in spite of the fact that there is nothing within his reach with which he hasn't tampered, and our hopes for his being a good staff dog are relegated to a somewhat distant future.

The barn, which is now fully re-roofed, should soon have a much-needed painting. One of our friends of Marathon has donated all the paint necessary to give it a full

On August 16th the big children and little children of F.H. made their annual trip to Maryknoll. More fun. All the volunteers who were available went along and had one grand time. The agenda contained some baseball, a little basket ball and a large, and well received amateur show which gave the kids a chance to show their talents. Believe me they have plenty of it. The seminarians seemed to enjoy it as much as the performers and the adults got a huge kick out of watching their little darlings put on a fine show.

We arrived home tired but happy about 6 P.M., well stuffed with soda pop and sandwiches.

John McMahon, a beloved friend of F.H. and one of the old guard, took time out from his summer vacation and came to spend a few days here in N.Y. The volunteers and staff got together to give John a real Welcome Home party and to show him that F.H. had not forgotten one of its favorite sons. We had cause for a double cele-

coating of red. We thank him heartily.

Vacation time approaches, and with it, we anticipate attending the first Friendship House staff wedding in Chicago. Mary and Jim will return here for their honeymoon, while we have a cessation of F. H. activities, at least formally. Our special thanks go to Jim Quinlin, for such grand work as dean of the summer school, with many prayers and hopes for great happiness in his new vocation.

Betty Schneider.

Harlem Volunteers

On August 16th the big children and little children of F.H. made their annual trip to Maryknoll. More fun. All the volunteers who were available went along and had one grand time. The agenda contained some baseball, a little basket ball and a large, and well received amateur show which gave the kids a chance to show their talents. Believe me they have plenty of it. The seminarians seemed to enjoy it as much as the performers and the adults got a huge kick out of watching their little darlings put on a fine show.

Once in a while we sort of slip up in bringing forth our celebrities and such has been the case for a goodly length of time with regard to two of our hardest workers and most ardent promoters of F.H. We refer to none other than Gussie Evans, who assiduously scrubs the ice tea and grape punch bowl off our beverage cups each Monday night after the forum, and to Gertrude Healy, who for many a long year has lent a helping hand with the rather unpleasant job of keeping the files in order. So our grateful thanks to you both, my friends, and the key to F.H. City.

We of the N. Y. contingent poled three votes out at the Wisconsin summer school. Yes, indeed, three New Yorkers finally managed to get further west than Brooklyn.



Father Cantillon At Summer School of C. A.

We attended Father Lord's Summer School of Catholic Action at Fordham University during the week of August 11 to 16th. Much literature was given out and we made many interesting friends. We have to admit that the most stimulating class was that conducted by Father Cantillon, a Jesuit from St. Louis, who gave a very clearly defined meaning of racial justice. He cleared the decks with the sixty-four dollar question, Would you marry a Negro? This, Father Cantillon explained, is the red herring dragged out in order to obscure all other points of justice. He pointed out the statistical record that ninety per cent of the American Negroes are already infected with "white blood" and to legalize this injustice could hardly obscure the moral laws. He stressed the Divine truth that there is but one human family, all joined as brothers in the Mystical Body of Christ. And any Catholic who rejects his brother is a heretic.

Having made clear the doctrinal duty of every Catholic, Father Cantillon went on to point out the specific injustices with which the white man burdens the Negro in America. Besides denying him the right of dignity of

soul before God, the white keeps the Negro out of decent living quarters, denies him the right to work in accordance with his qualifications. The Catholic schools in many instances still have their doors closed to Negroes. All in all, it was a spiritually bankrupt picture which Father Cantillon had to paint. The fact that he painted it with clear, bold colors made our hearts glad. Too often our good Catholic friends have to be told that there is a problem where their darker brothers are concerned.

As guest speakers, Father Cantillon had Mr. Archibald Glover and Father LaFarge. One very interesting plan for cooperative work was suggested by Father LaFarge. That was the community planning where the leaders in a community would work interracially on problems such as fund raising, parks, entertainment programs. To the young socialists, Father Cantillon suggested drinking a coke together. It should be as simple and as natural as that once the soul has been purged of its illness of pride.

We had the pleasure of having Father Cantillon as our guest for dinner one evening. We shall remember him very specifically in our prayers for the great work he is doing.

F H Nerve Center

Lorraine Schneider took over at the stove, the nerve center of FH, when Teevy went on her vacation. When Lorraine's vacation came up Teevy still had a week to go. The cooking fell to two of our visiting volunteers, Virginia Lowe and Mary Lou Edelbach.

The kids were kind of scared. Cooking for the whole staff and the visiting volunteers is quite a challenge. Agnes Mosley, a busy volunteer, jumped into the breach. She was on hand to guide Virginia and Mary Lou in crises and those harrowing moments of soup stretching for sudden guests. Agnes is a top-notch cook so our neophytes in the kitchen felt comfortable and did a swell job.

Our six visiting volunteers have all gone home now, back to their schools and their jobs. They know more about the Church's teachings on the Mystical Body of Christ, having lived them for six weeks. They will tell their friends about inter-racial justice and these will tell their friends. Another way in which God uses FH to advance the apostolate.

From His Bounty

The repairs on our new home proceed surely if slowly. You may remember that we were praying for an electrician as we had no lights and were even holding meetings by candle light. Romantic but not practical. In answer to our prayer, an electrician showed up who put in temporary lights and is working on the overall wiring job that will take care of the library, gym and kitchen on the first floor and the office, clothing room, crafts room, teen-age club room and play room on the second floor.

When the construction work is done we will be helped out by those generous Christians, the Quakers. The American Friend's Service operates work camps of young Colored and white people who give their free time to helping the poor clean, and repair their homes.

The Quakers know that FH is poor and needs help. They did not wait to be asked, but have been calling us up at least once a week wanting to know when they can come and help with the miles of scrubbing, painting and window washing that remains to be done.

God never tires of sending us the help we need when we need it.

Change the Water

"All Catholic Action involves social action. The member of the Young Christian Workers' movement, for example, knows full well that his ultimate task is not to help others save their souls in spite of their environment, factory and home, but to bring about radical changes in the environment. A classic phrase which is often repeated is that they are not to take the fish out of the unhealthy water but to change the water."—Rev. John Fitzsimmons, Chaplain of the Young Christian Workers movement in England.

God loves men for what they MAY become.

St. Catherine of Siena.

Chicago F. H. In New Building

The summer of 1947 will be a memorable one in Friendship House, especially the Chicago Friendship House. Not only because the temperatures were 90 to 100 every day for a month! Not only because we were evicted, and had to find a new FH, in an already overcrowded area . . . and quick. **AND FOUND IT!**

Not only because we had to raise \$20,000 in about a month's time . . . **AND RAISED IT!** (Although we had to borrow half of it.)

But also because we met a man like Tom Crowe. Six months ago none of us knew that such a man was in existence. But Blessed Martin arranged the introduction just before we had to move. Providential? Well, you see, Tom is a builder, and he loves Blessed Martin so much that, while he is ordinarily a man you couldn't drag before an audience, he talks gladly and generously about Martin.

So, when Tom heard that Blessed Martin's friends were in trouble, he brought his crew of workmen, supplies, equipment for renovating, and now for ten weeks they have been at it. All donated by Tom for the cause of inter-racial justice. Then there were other men as generous and big hearted as Tom; men like Steve Bailey and Tom Murray, of the Plumbers and Electrical Workers' Locals respectively. They, too, have given of their time, money, expert advice, everything they had to give toward the finishing of the building because it was helping to set up on the South Side a first class community center connected with the name Catholic.

Also we met their co-workers—Eric, Louis, Roy and Bill; the inimitable Harry; Andy and his helpers—plumbers,

electricians, carpenters. All men with skill, excellent craftsmanship, patience and humor. We just wonder and wonder how God could have shown more clearly that He wants FH to go on.

Here I sit in a sort of daze from the heat (almost no sleep in eight nights running) and muse on that little two story building that two months ago was an abandoned factory. And I marvel again and again at the wonders of God's bounty and His all-loving providence. New partitions, new stairs, new kitchen, reconverted and remodelled bathrooms, closets, doors, floors, patches, etc. I've watched them all go up and had a thousand conferences with the workmen about them.

I think of our plumbing back in 1942 when we first came to Chicago and opened on 43rd Street. Now we thought we were so primitive because we had no sink, no electric fixtures, no radiators. Ah, if I had known it then, that was civilization by comparison. In those days, once they put up the sink, we had water; once they found fixtures, we had light; once we got radiators, we had heat. But there—After being here five days, we got water. How we stuck it out till five o'clock one hot July afternoon is a long saga; with fourteen staff members to provide for and our children's vacation school scheduled for six weeks running!

Father Cantwell came to the rescue with Steve Bailey, thank God, and Steve sent Tom Costello with Harry Kemp—and from there on we saw action. I began to feel that I wouldn't go into the loony bin right away. There are literally miles of pipe that Harry checked, repaired, and replaced. The heating system



has been put into readiness for the heating experts. A new dark room was converted from one of the bathrooms. There were new connections all over for sinks, gas stove, refrigerator, etc. Sewers had to be re-dug and re-piped. All of this basic work was done by a man who certainly knew his job. And the supplies!

Next came the electricians, and they had miles and miles of wiring to do and undo, getting our center into shape so that it is safe and convenient for use. The roofers did the roof all over on one day, five of them, and now the painters are at it.—

Slowly the house grows. And a new era for Friendship House begins. The year 1947 has seen many changes, not the least of which is our new modernized community center, which will carry forward the old spirit of love and sacrifice into newer, bigger, expanding surroundings . . . where our work for the children, teen agers, the adults, our propaganda of the written and spoken word . . . the breaking of the barrier of segregation at its source by FH . . . all of this goes on as long as there are generous souls who hunger for justice and who will dedicate their lives to see it through.

Around The House

By MARY CLINCH

BEING DOWN ON WHAT YOU ARE NOT UP ON

Prejudice is described as "being down on what you are not up on," in **FACTS IN BLACK AND WHITE**, a new pamphlet published by Friendship House.

Our volunteers have been answering all the stock, and a few not so stock, questions about the Negro for a long time. They thought the time had come when the answers to the questions most frequently asked should be written into permanent form.

They pooled their experiences, and **FACTS IN BLACK AND WHITE EMERGED**. It has a good-looking format, with five illustrations on the lighter side and answers everything from "Why are Restrictive Covenants evil?", to "When a Negro moves into my block what should I do?", and "Does the Catholic Church forbid inter-marriage?"

Finally, there is a list of things that you can do to improve race relations in your community, and a bibliography suitable for teachers and students of the subject.

The pamphlets sell for ten cents a copy. Order some now for yourself and your friends, your school, church, union or club* Find out why it is that a Christian who harbors race prejudice is living a lie.

*Orders of 100 or more copies receive a 20% discount.

Love In Friendship House

Cupid wormed his way into the staff of Friendship House and snagged two of its workers. Mary Fregeau and Jim Quinlan were married at St.

Elizabeth's, our parish church, on Aug. 23, at solemn high mass, celebrated by Rev. Daniel Cantwell, Rev. C. ReRuntz and Don Rooney. Breakfast was served at FH afterwards.

Mary had been a college teacher and an editor in a publishing house and Jim was in business when they decided to follow Christ to Harlem. They met in Friendship House, where as staff workers they lived in voluntary poverty and worked for inter-racial justice.

Later Mary was made Assistant Director of FH, Chicago, and Jim Dean of Friendship House Summer School of Catholic Inter-racial Techniques, at St. Joseph's Farm.

The Chicago House staff and volunteers will join Mary and Jim in offering their nuptial Mass at this first marriage between two staff workers. FH Director, Ann Harrigan, will be the maid of honor, and Russ Marshall, a volunteer, is slated for the best man's job. We wish Mary and Jim every happiness and blessing, knowing that wherever they go they will bring Christ, as they did when they were lay apostles, FH style.

The apostolate of Friendship House does not stop within its walls or community. Every person who shares our way of life for a while and is then called to another vocation has learned the full meaning of inter-racial living and justice. Friendship House, the inter-racial apostolate, becomes part of that person and he takes it with him wherever God chooses to send him next.

Blessed Martin in Greenwich Village

To New Yorkers the Village is a tradition, a legend and a reality. At least it is no longer a myth to FH circle of friends. We have been holding forth all summer in an artist's studio, with modernistic non-objective paintings decorating the walls and St. Joseph, together with Blessed Martin, commanding honorable attention from the easel. On the hot summer evenings we met on the roof and enjoyed interesting discussions on important books. Mr. Ed Willock, editor of Integrity magazine, gave a fine interpretation of Bloy's *Pilgrim of the Absolute*. On another Sunday evening he discussed *The Woman of the Pharisee* by Mauriac. Tom Cosgrove journeyed in from New Jersey with friends to give us an interesting discussion of Brenano's *Joy*. We ventured into Father Vincent McNabb's *Old Principles in the New Order* with John Bracken steering us safely around the shoals of Idealism. Our last exciting evening in the studio was spent with Emanuel Romero telling us that our Baroness was really all that her book *Friendship House* implied—and more.

We have met many new friends this summer in Greenwich Village who might not have otherwise heard of Friendship House and the principles that it stands for.

To our readers who have not shared these evenings with us, it might be interesting to know what "type" of friends come into meet Blessed Martin. Well, they aren't types at all. Just very sincere and very anxious people who are wondering what to do about our very grave problem of inter-racial injustice. And somehow, after an evening spent together in social enjoyment with our group, they do seem to feel that there is something they have done about it all. And of course they have. Getting together, sitting cross-legged on the straw mats, drinking the punch that FH serves (with or without ice—depending on our efficiency) and airing opinions as freely as at a quilting party.

It has been great fun. We are heartily grateful to all of our friends who found the FH circle interesting enough to be with us regularly. We are persuaded that Blessed Martin likes the Village, and, more important, that the Village likes him. We are hoping for permanent headquarters down there.

L. Lyons.

Modern Capitalism is based on Property without responsibility while Christian Capitalism is based on property with responsibility.

Peter Maurin,
From *Easy Essays*.

The most beautiful names borne by men have been the names given by their enemies.
Jules Barbey D'Aurevilly.



Faith, Hope and Charity, and Sorrow which is their substratum, are diamonds, and diamonds are rare, as you have learned. They are very expensive, never forget. Diamonds of such sort cost prayer, which is itself a precious jewel only wrested by conquest.

Leon Bloy,
In *"Pilgrim of the Absolute."*

The Kids' Corner

By Mary Galloway

At this moment our Casita is RICH. Rich with health, wealth and happiness. We are healthy because we've got over a hundred children coming and going, and six rugged, loving and ingenious workers to watch over them. We're wealthy, of all things, because Blessed Martin has found a way for each of our eligible cherubs to get to camp. And we're happy because of all the because. Surely we are among the richest migrants going.

Migrants, because we are tenting out while our new building is being converted. Each Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday afternoon we trot off to Madden Park, six blocks away, where we can swim, play games, have crafts and all kinds of outdoor sports.

On Thursday morning we are off to educational technical films at Field Museum. Fridays we have an all-day outing. This later category has included the Parks, the Zoo, Thatcher's Woods and the S. V. D. Monastery at Techny.

That the children reflect all the love that is given them, that they miss the affection of

their working mothers, shows itself in simple and ingenious ways. Minute Nathaniel couldn't keep far from Coreen Spores. In fact he was willing to get mixed into the girls' line on that account. One day when he found himself the length of a ball bat from her he tapped Coreen on the head with the bat. Very gently. Just enough to remind Miss Coreen that he was still there. And he was very surprised when he was asked to apologize. "I'm sorry," he said, "I didn't mean to hit her so hard."

It was on our trip to Techny that Mary Alice Jackson found herself emerging into the bewildering world of finance. As the pop would cost a nickel she issued a sad little whisper. "All I've got is a penny and a dime."

Whether we add it up under pennies, nickels or dimes, we owe a tremendous gift of gratitude to the Lord. It was a wonderful, happy summer, and we prayerfully hope that He has found it a fruitful one as well. It almost seems that with so much happiness there ought to be a little fruit in there some place.

Our children are praying for you as always.

Christ or Arthur Hopkins

By TED LE BERTHON

Stage Producer Arthur Hopkins, in a signed article in The New York Times for Sunday, August 3, severely deplored the recent proposal of the Actors' Equity Association to bar its members from appearing in any Washington, D. C. theatre which racially segregates its audiences.

Equity's proposal alarmed Mr. Hopkins. For suppose this blacklist of theatres should spread into the whole South and Southwest? Wouldn't this eliminate the legitimate theatre entirely in those sections? As a producer, Mr. Hopkins could not be precisely disinterested financially. But he chose to attack the wisdom of Equity, aye, the right of Equity to take such a stand. For did the theatre belong to the present members of Equity, or was it like a house that took many generations to build? Or was it right to discriminate against audiences that, on the whole, wanted segregation? Mr. Hopkins became dramatically eloquent.

Denunciation

Why, he continued, meet intolerance with a fiercer intolerance? And what would the shades of Daly, Rehnan, Frohman, Jefferson, Mansfield, Mrs. Drew, and Mrs. Fiske think? He knows just what those shades would have said. He speaks for them! The upshot of the words he puts in their long dead mouths is a fierce denunciation from the grave of actors of today who stir up such issues as this segregation thing. These voluble ghosts hold that such modern actors will only wind up by destroying the theatre. Mr. Hopkins seems to be holding that if audience segregation was good enough for the immortal Thespians of yesteryear, it should be good enough for the living.

Mr. Hopkins conceded that Equity had a point in its attitude towards Washington theatres. Located in the capital of a nation dedicated to world brotherhood, such theatres could scarcely logically segregate audiences. It was possibly the spread elsewhere of Equity's proposal that so frightened Mr. Hopkins that he questioned the ethics and practical effect of the plan in *sg.*

His fright raises larger issues than he perhaps intended to summon from their customary quiet internment.

Hypocrisy

For if segregation is wrong in Washington, D. C.'s theatres, it is wrong in theatres anywhere. If it gives foreign diplomats a close-up picture of national hypocrisy when practiced in Washington, it will give them a picture of national hypocrisy when practiced in any other city. Diplomats have a habit of knowing what's going on. But segregation would be wrong if all the ambassadors, attaches and consuls were deaf, dumb, blind and demented, and regardless of how it affected the United States reputation for intellectual honesty in the United Nations Council.

Segregation is wrong because it is anti-Christian. It is wrong whether 98 percent of the Southern whites prefer it or not. Because to be Christian is to be Christlike. The final test of the issue is whether Our Lord and Savior would refuse to sit next to a Negro anywhere. It simply is inconceivable that He would refuse to sit next to anyone. It is inconceivable that any canonized saint would refuse to sit next to a Negro. The hallmark of the essential Christian is humility. Therefore race pride, its antithesis, is wrong. These are the only considerations that Mr. Hopkins really need worry about.

Whether Christ would sit through most modern plays, seeing that most of them have nothing to say of Him and often oppose His values, is a far more pertinent question. It summons the concomitant question as to whether the entire American theatre—thinking of it as embracing stage, screen and radio—is worth preserving.

No Loss

But on the immediate issue alone, it would be far better undoubtedly, from a Christian viewpoint, that the entire South and Southwest be bereft of legitimate theatres if audiences must be segregated. In view of the dubious condition of the modern drama, there could be no spiritual loss, and what other loss is a real one? But if plays of passable moral values were presented, they could not—and at present do not—justify the exclusion of one fellow human being, made in God's image and redeemed that first Good Friday. For such a fellow human commits no offense. He cannot help

his skin color. He did not select his parents.

What Sarah Bernhardt, Edwin Booth, Rachel or Duse would have thought about Equity's point is irrelevant. What would Christ have thought? What would Francis of Assisi, Martin de Porres or Damien the Leper have thought? What would all the lovers of their fellow men have thought, like the three African Popes, or Monica or her son Augustine?

God's Property

The stage, Mr. Hopkins, does not belong to actors or audiences, past, present or future. All of them and the stage belong to God. It is a question of whether Christ is right or you are right. He commanded us to love one another, and excluded no one from that love, segregated no one.

Moreover, He said that those who loved His least brethren loved Him and because of this would go to eternal blessedness; but that those who deny His least brethren, deny Him, and—we are trying to state this politely, Mr. Hopkins—will go elsewhere eternally.

So Equity is quite on His side in this matter, a matter perhaps transcending in importance the issue of whether the legitimate stage continues to flourish in Dixie.

It might be keeping bad company, Mr. Hopkins, to be on the side of those who don't want to sit next to Negroes. As a sophisticated producer not unmindful of the box office, you would like to be on the side of segregationists and on the side of non-segregationists, depending on the area. But Our Lord said something about those not being with Him being against Him, and took in the whole universe. So, if you're thinking in terms of the long pull, i.e., the eternal pull, you'd better do some thinking, Mr. Hopkins.

The Indian Missionary Society for Indigenous Priests needs help to educate priests for pioneer evangelical work in India. Can you send money, theological or philosophical books, or stipends for Masses, also High Masses?

Very Rev. Fr. Superior Missionhouse, Christ-nagar Benares, Cantt. India

The Anti-Christ of the modern world is not the pornographic book, it is the bank book.

Peguy.

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Picketing

(Continued from page 1)

We talked about the effects of racial discrimination and segregation to people trying to decide whether or not to buy a ticket to the bathhouse. We cheered those who heeded our words and took their patronage elsewhere. To those people, fewer in number, thank goodness, who did not accept our message, we cried a polite "Shame on you!" However, some of them entered the bathhouse with eyebrows furrowed... indicating a troubled conscience, perhaps? ? ?

We chanted slogans, and to the secular slogans of our fellow picketeers we Catholics added others, such as "The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man." Our policemen nursemaids, all Catholics, we found out, and by now our good friends, told us that they had thought we were surely Communists BECAUSE THE PICKET LINE WAS INTER-RACIAL.

What a pity that to be a member of an inter-racial group and to fight openly and unashamedly for Justice made us each, in some people's minds, less an American and less a Catholic! We hope that our slogans and the fine CW posters about the Mystical Body of Christ dispelled such thoughts. The attitude of the crowd towards us was on the whole extremely favorable.

We wish you could have seen the huge poster, "Pope Pius XII Condemns Racism," which Ken had made for the following weekend... really super. However, we received the news that the police had decided to enforce the NY Anti-Discrimination law and had brought the bathhouse proprietor into court and threatened prosecution.

Mr. Harold Stevens, of the Catholic Inter-racial Council and member of the N. Y. State Assembly, told us that our picketing was at least 80% of the reason that the bathhouse is now open to all Americans.

Take good care of that poster, Ken. Unfortunately, there may be use for it in the future...the Met. Life Insurance Company for its HOUSING discrimination, for example...wow, what a plum to tackle!

To all ecstasies I prefer the monotony of humble sacrifice.
—The Little Flower.



Pilgrimage

Mother Cabrini often knew what it was to have no bread, then open the bread box and there, sure enough, was a loaf—maybe two loaves. Of course we remember that, when the soup gets too thin even for FH staff workers. A pilgrimage, then, is always in order. Last Friday we knew for certain that it was a pilgrimage—or else; so dark and early at four A.M. we rolled out of bed and began our happy and exciting trek.

There was a goodly fog about us and the street lights were haloed in a kind of glory as our sounding steps marched along the deserted streets. We met one young lad coming in from an all night spree and he marched along with us, telling us that he thought the Catholic church was modern. We liked that. He said that he wanted to go to church and that he would some day if we would pray for him. Then he disappeared in the early morning light.

Our little band walked the six or more miles at a brisk clip. Something of the spirit of other days, Christian days, lightened our hearts and made the way all too short. We entered the lovely grounds to the convent chapel and rang the bell for admittance. One of the nuns opened the door and admitted us in sacred silence. Votive lights were burning in the outer shrine around the statue to our great American Saint. In almost awed silence we went on into the modest little chapel where Saint Cabrini lies. There we heard mass in company with the nuns who assist the priest at the service.

When we came out of the chapel, daylight greeted us with a kind of surprise, but with a gentleness that made us feel we were not faced with the harsh reality of need, rather that we had been blessed by the great privilege of being able to come to a real friend.

Back in Madonna flat we all shared a breakfast provided by a friend. And what a breakfast! Bacon and eggs, rolls and jelly. Mother Cabrini had already begun to visit us in return.

B. Young

The concentration of the interior life is in no sense a separation, a retreat from combat and danger, or a refined complacency; in Christian life recollectedness and openness go hand in hand... He carries within himself "the breadth and length and height and depth..."

"Race, Nation, Person."

HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS

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